

Precious Hymns

OF

JESUS.

BY

Rev. EDWIN M. LONG.

"They sung a new song, saying—thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." Rev. 5: 9.

PRINTED FOR THE USE OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from

This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

Precious Hymns

OF

JESUS.

BY

Rev. EDWIN M. LONG.

"They sung a new song, saying—thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." Rev. 5: 9.

Published at 1859 North 12th street, Philadelphia Pa.

Entered According to act of Congress in the year 1873 by Edwin M. Long, in the Office of the Librarian at Washington.

Index.

		Page
Amazing grace	14	17
Casting all on Jesus	42	57
Come Spirit come	9	33
Come thou fount	10	61
Depart from me	38	21
Depth of mercy	9	46
Even me	8	25
Expostulation	15	36
Glory be to Jesus	7	34
God of my	27	16
Home of the soul	58	59
How sweet the name	27	35
I am trusting	26	22
I love to steal	80	24
I love to tell	41	57
Is it true	48	51
I now believe	32	20
Jesus I my cross	26	6
Jesus died for me	19	53
Jesus is here	5	3
Jesus loves even me	23	13
Jesus paid it all	28	56
Jesus loves me	22	23
Just as I am	37	14
Journeying home	44	50
Like Jesus	43	11
Like the Sea	30	4
Look to Jesus	35	54
Martyn	12	45
Meribah	52	18
My eternal home	62	26
Never be afraid	40	49
Olivet	29	49
	Oh the blood	17
	One day nearer home	57
	Outside the gate	33
	Passing away	61
	Precious Promises	21
	Pressing toward	46
	Relief in Jesus	25
	Resting in Jesus	36
	Right away	34
	Rock of ages	16
	Shall we sing	59
	Say brothers	35
	Sweetly singing	22
	Star of eternal day	24
	Tennent	57
	To night	51
	That sweet story	20
	The Children's Hosanna	6
	The coming judgment	53
	The sweetest name	3
	To-day	13
	The beautiful land	56
	There is a fountain	23
	The penitent	14
	The house upon the rock	50
	The little wanderer	11
	The Lord is here	4
	That great day	54
	Toiling up the way	45
	Who is like Jesus	18
	Webb	26
	What shall I do	49
	Work for the night	49

The letters R. H. refer to the page in the Revival Harp.



ra is es of J esus.



"Praise the Lord with harp; sing unto him." Ps. 33. 2.

I. HYMN—THE SWEETEST NAME.

1st.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven.
The name be - fore his won - drous birth, To Christ the Sa - viour, given.
D. C. For there's no word ear - ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je-sus.

2d. End. REFRAIN.

D. C.

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail him blessed Jesus;
2. His human name they did proclaim, That all might see the reason we
When Abram's son they seal'd him; For evermore must love him—*Chor.*
The name that still by God's good will, 4. So now upon his Father's throne,
Deliverer revealed him.—*Chor.* Almighty to release us
3. And when he hung upon the tree, From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
They wrote his name above him. The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—*Chor.*

THE LORD IS HERE.

Arranged by ASA HULL.

Words and Music REV. E. M. LONG.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."



1. "Where two or three" to - gath-er meet, The love of Je - sus to re-peat,



How sweet his words of promise are, "Lo! I am with you," with you there.



Chorus.



Precious words, words of cheer, Je - sus, the Christ, the Lord is here.



Jesus is here, Je - sus is here, Je-sus, the Christ, the Lord is here.



2.

As we have met in Jesus name,
Now let us then his promise claim;
Our eyes may not behold him here,
Yet still our hearts may feel him

Chorus.

[near.]

3.
"If two of you," on earth agree,
Touching one thing whate'er it may

[be,]

"It shall be done," so saith the [Lord.
How can we doubt his precious

Chorus.

[word.]

4.

Now let us then in this unite,
To sup-plicate the Spirit's might,
Revive us Lord, Revive us now,
While lowly at thy feet we bow.

Chorus.

JESUS IS HERE.



1. O, come to Je-sus now, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here;

2. O, come this place with-in, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here;



All low be-fore him bow, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here.
He sees you full of sin, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here.



Too man-y go a-way, Too man-y still de-lay, Though
He knows you when you come, Poor, wretch-ed and un-done. Seeking



Je-sus bids them stay; Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here.
Him and Him a-lone; Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here.

3. Come, then, to Jesus, now,

Jesus is here;

All near him lowly bow,
Jesus is here.O, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in him,
Jesus is here.

4. O, come to Jesus now,

Jesus is here;

Old and young together bow,
Jesus is here.O, what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring
And lose it while we sing
Jesus is here.

THE CHILDREN'S KOSANNA.

W. B. Bradbury.

"The children crying, in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David." Mat. 21: 15.

2. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Teachers, and taught, proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands, 4. Till morn to eve, and noon to night
Our loving Saviour's name.
CHO. Hosanna, etc.

2. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
And heaven to earth reply.
CHO. Hosanna, etc.

2. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna sound from church and hall,
Let every voice ascend,
And this our watchword, one and all,
Hosanna, praise the Lord.
CHO. Hosanna, etc.

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

Rev. E. M. LONG.



1. Hail, my ever blessed Jesus, On - ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy

*Chorus.*

name is pre-cious, Thou my Pro-phet, Priest, and King. Glo-ry be to



Je - sus, Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Ev-er-more.



2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

3 O what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 That blest moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.



The Spirit's Work,

HYMN.—EVEN ME.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scattering full and free;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me.



Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.
Even me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
E'en I'm longing for thy favor;
Whom 't shan't calling, call for me—
Even me.

4. Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free;
Grace of God so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

5. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me,—
Even me.

COME, SPIRIT, COME.

Rev. E. M. LONG.

Soft and slow.

1. Come, Spir - it, come, Thou heavenly dove, Shed, shed abroad, A Saviour's love.



O - pen my eyes, That I may see, How Je - sus loves And cares for me.



2 Come, spirit, come,
Thou heavenly fire,
Consume my dross,
O make me pure;
Warm, warm this heart,
That it may glow,
And with loving tears
May overflow.

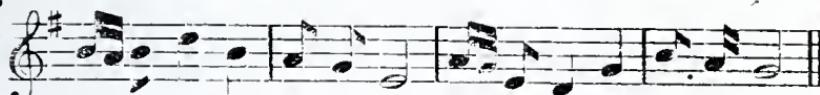
3 Come, spirit, come,
Thou heavenly guide,
Lead, lead me on
Life's dang'rous road;
O'er every thought
And word preside,
Till I am safe
At Jesus' side.

4 Come, spirit, come,
Thou holy one,
Apply the blood
That makes me clean;
So shall my heart
Thy temple be,
Here in time, and in
Eternity.

DEPTH OF MERCY.



1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be, Mer - cy still re - served for me;



Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sin - ners spare ?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

NETTLETON.



1. Come, thou Fount of ev-ry blessing, Tame my heart to gra-cious ful-ness;
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise,

Chorus.



I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah, I love



Je-sus, Yes, I do, I do, I do, I do, I love



Je-sus, He's my Sa-viour; Je-sus smiles and loves me too.

Teach me some melo-dious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it.
Mount of thy re-deeming love.

2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his pre-cious blood.

3. O ! to grace how great a debtors!
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seat it for thy courts above.



Wanderers

FROM

JESUS.

"The younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country." Luke, 15: 13.

HYMN.—THE LITTLE WANDERER.

S:

End.

1. Je - sus, to thy dear arms I flee, I have no oth - er help but thee;
D. S. O take a lit - tle wand'rer home.

Dal. S:

For thou dost suf - fer me to come, O take a lit - tle wand'rer home.

2. Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam; 4. O say my sins are all forgiven,
O take a little wand'rer home.

3. Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;

And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.
And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wand'rer's home.

MARTYN.



soul at last.

2.

Other refuge have I none ; Just and holy is thy name,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee, I am all unrighteousness ;
 Leave ah ! leave me not alone, Vile and full of sin I am,
 Still support and comfort me. Thou art full of truth and grace.

All my trust on thee is stayed ;

All my help from thee I bring ;

4.

Cover my defenceless head Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 With the shadow of thy wing. Grace to pardon all my sin ;

Let the healing streams abound,

3.

Make and keep me pure within '

Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ; Thou of life the fountain art,
 More than all in thee I find ; Freely let me take of thee,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Spring thou up within my heart,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Rise to all eternity.

1.

Come my soul, thy suit prepare, There, thy sovereign right main,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ; And, without a rival, reign. (tain,
 He himself has bid thee pray, 4
 Therefore will not say thee nay. While I am a pilgrim here,

2

With my burden I begin :— Let thy love my spirit cheer,
 Lord ! remove this load of sin ; Be my guide, guard, my friend ;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt, Lead me to my journey's end,
 Set my conscience free from guilt. Show me what I have to do.

3

Lord ! I come to thee for rest Every hour my strength renew :
 Take possession of my breast Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death .

TO-DAY.

1. To - day the Sa - viour calls; Ye wand' - rers
 2. To - day the Sa - viour calls; For re - fuge

come! O ye be - night-ed souls, Why long-er roam:
 fly: The storm of ven - geance falls, Ru - in is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls:
 O listen now!
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

4. The spirit calls to-day:
 Yield to his power;
 O grieve him not away!
 'Tis mercy's hour.

S. M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled;
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

¶ The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild;
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the hands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

¶ Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole;
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

¶ No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold;
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

7. 6.

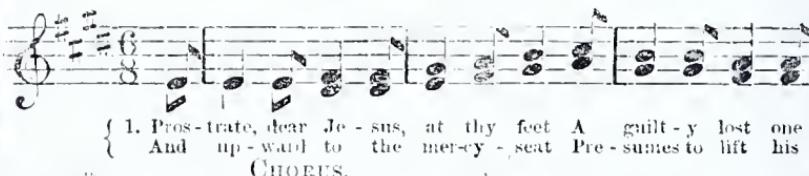
Lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White, in his blood most precious
 Till not a spot remains.

¶ I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fulness dwells in him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my care,
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow bears.

¶ I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

¶ I long to be like Jesus.
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 More sweet than angels'

THE PENITENT.



{ 1. Pros-trate, dear Je-sus, at thy feet A guilt-y lost one
 And up-ward to the mer-cy-seat Pre-sumes to lift his

CHORUS.



lies, } Cry-ing save me, save me! Save me, bless-ed
 eyes, }



2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!

To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!

To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!

To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!

To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive!

C. M.

A PPROACH, my soul, the mer-cy seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest bur-dened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By war without, and fear within,
 I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That sheltered near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, "Thou hast died."

C. M.

A MAZING grace! how sweet the sound
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the vail,
 A life of joy and peace.

EXPOSTULATION.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? Since God in great
 mercy is coming so nigh; Since Jesus invites you, the
 2. How vain the dilusion that, while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away:
 Come wretched, come guilty, come just as you are;
 All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
 3. The contrite in heart he will freely receive;
 Oh why will you not the glad message receive?
 If sin be your burden, oh, will you not come?
 'Tis he makes you welcome; he bids you come home.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near:
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
 A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race.
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

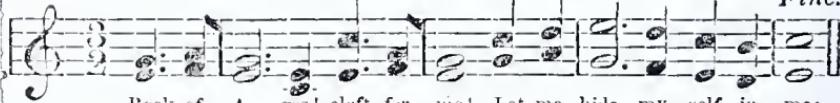


The Atonement.

"They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ," I Cor. x: 4.

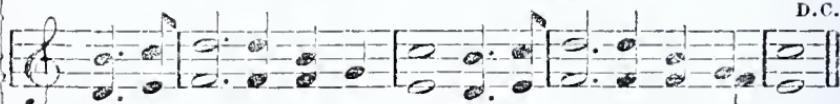
HYMN—ROCK OF AGES.

Fine.



Rock of Ages! cleft for me! Let me hide myself in me;
D.C. Be of sin the perfect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

D.C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flowed,
 2. Should my tears for ever flow, 3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 Should my zeal no longer know, When mine eyelids close in death,
 This for sin could not atone; When I rise to worlds unknown,
 Thou must save, and thou alone: And behold thee on thy throne,
 In my hand no price I bring, Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Simply to thy cross I cling. Let me hide myself in thee!

OH, THE BLOOD! THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By permission.*



1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross! The hallow'd cross I see!



Re-mind-ing me of pre-ious blood, That once was shed for me.

Chorus. *Slow and soft.*Oh, the blood! the precious blood! That Je-sus shed for me Up-
rit.

on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross,
My Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed him to the earth with grief,
On sad Mount Calvary.3 How light! how light! this precious cross,
Presented to my view;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.4 The crown! the crown! the glorious
The crown of victory! [crown]
The crown of life! it shall be mine
When I shall Jesus see.5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of
And points to joys above. [woo,1 Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?Amazing pity! grace unknown
And love beyond degree!3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

WHO IS LIKE JESUS.

By Rev. E. M. LONG.



1. One there is a - bove all others, Well de-serves the name of Friend;



His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end,



Chorus.



O who is like our pre- cious Sa-viour, Here a-mong the sons of men?



f *p* *rit.*



All the love of earth, if put to - geth-er, Would not equal his ev - en then.



2. Which of all our friends to save us,
Could er would have shed his blood?
But this Sa-viour died to save us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

Now, a bove a'll glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same.

3. When he lived on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was his name;

4. O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

HE DIED FOR ME.

I. Al tho' I am a sin-ful child, Je-sus is my Sa-viour-
 With guilt my heart is all de-filed, Je-sus died for me.
 CHORUS. GIRLS. BOYS.
 I sing the love of Je-sus— He died for me— He died for me—

His pre-ecious blood can cleanse us, Once shed on Cal-va-ry.
 2. Though but a child, I'll do his will— 4. And since His service I've begun,
 Jesus is my Saviour— Jesus is my Saviour—
 I'll hear His voice, and follow still— I'll tell His love to every one,
 Jesus died for me. Jesus died for me.
 I sing the love of Jesus, etc. I sing the love of Jesus, etc.
 3. Around my feet is many a snare— 5. When all my duties here are done,
 Jesus is my Saviour— Jesus is my Saviour—
 I'll seek Him every day in prayer— He'll take me nearer to His throne,
 Jesus died for me. Jesus died for me.
 I sing the love of Jesus, etc. I sing the love of Jesus, etc.

8s. 7s & 4s.

IN the gospel's joyful tidings
 Full salvation sweetly sounds;
 Grace and precious blood, to pardon,
 Flow from Jesus' sacred wounds?
 Helpless sinner,
 Look to Jesus Christ and live.

2 Are thy sins beyond recounting,
 Like the sand which ocean leaves?
 Grace has over sin abounded,
 Such as thou, Immanuel saves:
 Hopeless sinner,
 Look to Jesus Christ and live.

3 Come to Jesus, come and welcome
 Lay your worthless efforts by;
 Find in him complete salvation,
 By himself alone brought nigh:
 Worthless sinner,
 Look to Jesus Christ and live.

S. M.

THE Spirit in our hearts
 Is whispering, Sinner, come.
 The bride, the Church of Christ, pre-
 claims

To all his children, Come!

¶ Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, Come!
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the Fountain, come!

¶ Yes, whosoever will,
 O, let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life!
 Tis Jesus bids him come.

¶ Lo! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, "I quickly come!"
 Lord, even so! I wait thy hour:
 Jesus, my Saviour, come!



W o r d s o f J e s u s.

THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his

J - sus was here a - mong men, How he call'd lit - tle chil - dren as
 arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen his kind

bums to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come n - to me."

3.

4.

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, In that beutiful place he is gone to prepare
 And ask for a share in his love; For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below, And many dear children are gathering there,
 I shall see him and hear him above. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

Rev. E. M. LONG.



1. What "strong couso-la - tion," ye saints of the Lord, Is giv-en to you in your



fath-er's own word, "We know that all things work together for good, 'To them who are hoping and

*Chorus.*

trust-ing in God. Tho' heav'n and earth pass away, Still God's word shall be our stay.



2 How "great a salvation" for us he has bought,
Who offered his Son, as the price of our guilt;
His promises sweet, exceedingly great,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake.—Cho.

3 "What manner of love," hath the Father bestowed,
That he should e'er call us "the children of God;"
Yet "it doth not appear," what we once shall be,
When Christ in his beauty in glory we'll see.—Cho.

4 Our heart's adoration we give to the Lord,
For the comforts and hopes that his word-doth afford;
Let us praise him, adore him, and honor his name
Forever, forever, forever, amen.—Cho.

HYMN—JESUS LOVES ME.



1. Jesus from his throne on high, Came into this world to die, That I might from
 2. I can see him ev-en now, With his pierc'd, thorn-clad brow, Ag-on-iz-ing

Chorus.



sin be free. Bled and died up - on the tree. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
 on the tree; Oh! what love, and all for me!



Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me. The Bi - ole tells me so.

3. Now I feel this heart of stone, 4. Jesus, take this heart of mine,
 Drawn to love God's holy Son, Make it pure and wholly Thine;
 "Lifted up" on Calvary, Thou hast bled and died for me,
 Suffering shame and death for me.—*Chor.* I will henceforth live for thee.—*Chor.*

HYMN—SWEETLY SINGING.



1. I know 'tis Je sus loves my soul, And makes the wound-ed sin-ner whole;
Cho. Stac.—Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing, Let us praise him, praise him, praise him,
 [bringing

2. How kind is Jesus, O how good! 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood:



My na-ture is by sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tie child.
 Happy voices, voices, voices, singing. Like the songs of angels around the throne.
 For children's sake he was reviled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tie child.

3. When I offend by thought or tongue, 4. To me may Jesus now impart,
 Omit the right, or do the wrong, Although so young, a gracious heart;
 If I repent, he's reconciled, Alas, I'm oft by sin defiled,
 For Jesus loves a little child.—*Chor.* Yet Jesus loves a little child.—*Chor.*

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

From the "CHARM," by permission.*

1. { I am so glad that Our Fa - ther in Heav'n, Tells of his
Won-der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the

Chorus.

love in the Book he has given; } I am so glad that
dear - est that Je - sus loves me. } I am so glad that

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me;

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves ev - en me.

2. Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray,
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee;
When I remember that Jesus loves me.—Cho.

3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.—Cho.



"They that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." Isa. 40: 31.

Prayer to Jesus.

HYMN.—STAR OF ETERNAL DAY.

1. Star of e - ter - nal day, Cloud-less and bright,
 Gnid of the pil-grims' way, Ban - ish } ...my night;
 Come, thou ce - les - tial Dove, Dwell i i my heart!
 D.C. Source of im - mor - tal love, Nev - er } ...de - part.

1ST.

2D.

Oh, how I long for thee, Spiri - it di - vine, }
 What is the world to me, When thou art mine. }

2. When shall my wand'rings cease
 When shall I rest
 Safe in the port of peace,
 Happy and blest,
 There from thy dear embrace
 Severed no more.

Lord, I shall see thy face,
 Praise and adore.
 Oh! I would fly to thee,
 Spirit divine;
 Earth has no tie for me,
 Jesns is mine.

RELIEF IN JESUS.

By Rev. E. M. LONG.

Soft and slow.

1. Heav-i- ly la-den, Come to thy Saviour, Bring every bur-den, Lose it in

Chorus.

pray'r. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to

Je-sus now; He is so near thee, He is so near thee, He will surely give re-lief.

2 Sins of commission,
Sins of omission,
All do thou mention,
Bring them to him.

CHORUS.

Bring them to Jesus, bring them to Jesus,
Bring them to Jesus now.
He is so near thee, he is so near thee,
He will surely give relief.

3 Art thou forsaken,
Earthly props broken,
All thy hopes shaken;
Cling then to him.

CHORUS.

Cling unto Jesus, cling unto Jesus,
Cling unto Jesus now.
He is so near thee, he is so near thee,
He will surely give relief.

4 Seems the cross heavy,
Do not get weary,
Christ will sustain thee
All the way home.

CHORUS.

Lean upon Jesus, lean upon Jesus,
Lean upon Jesus now.
He is so near thee, he is so near thee,
He will surely give relief.

5 Bring every sorrow,
Hide it away,
Wait not to-morrow,
Bring it to-day.

CHORUS.

Leave it with Jesus, leave it with Jesus,
Leave it with Jesus now.
He is so near thee, he is so near thee,
He will surely give relief.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.*

Words by Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind;
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



I'm count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

2. Long my heart has sighed for thee:
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—Cho.

3. Here, I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.—Cho.

*By permission from "JOYFUL SONGS," 1918 Arch st., Phila.

Webb. 7s & 6s.

1. Ashamed to be a Christian,
Afraid the world should know,
I'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow.
Forbid it, O my Saviour,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear thy color,
Or blush to follow thee.

2. Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King,
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.

3. Ashamed to be a Christian!
My guilty fear depart;
I will not heed the tempter
That whispers to my heart.
Dear Saviour, though unworthy
Yet this my only plea,
Thy all-atoning merit,
For thou hast died for me.

8s & 7s.

J ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might
Foes may hate and, friends disown me
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, life is gain.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with the

L. M.

JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meekness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O trembling sinner, come!

4 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

S. M.

COME to the Lord and live!
He sits on mercy's throne,
Eternal life and bliss to give,
By boundless grace alone.

2 He died, and rose again,
And ever lives, to save;
That men might endless life obtain,
And triumph o'er the grave.

3 Come to the Lord of life!
His mercy is most free;
Oh, cease at once *your* legal strife,
And *His* salvation see.

4 His words of grace and truth
More firmly stand than heaven;
And plainly show to age and youth
How endless life is given.

5 Confess him "Lord of all;"
Adore him,—Son of God;
Before his glory prostrate fall
And rest upon his blood.

L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living head.

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

4 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.





HOPE IN JESUS.

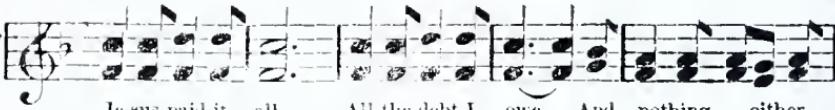
“Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul,
both sure and steadfast.” Heb. VI: 19.

HYMN—JESUS PAID IT ALL.



1. Noth-ing, eith-er great or small, Noth-ing, sin-ner, no;
Je-sus died and paid it all, Long, long a-go,

CHORUS.



Jesus paid it all, All the debt I owe. And nothing either



great or small, he - mains for me to do.
2. When he from his lofty throne
Scooped to do and die,
Every thing was fully done—

“‘Tis finished!” was his cry.—*Chor.*

3. Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.—*Chor.*

4. Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,

“Doing is a deadly thing,

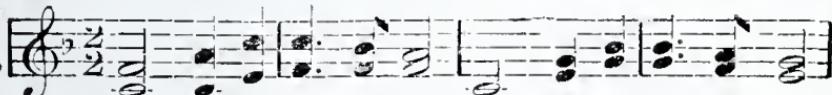
Doing ends in death.”—*Chor.*

5. Cast your deadly doing down
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
Glorious and complete.—*Chor.*

"He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."
II.Cor., 5 : 15.

Entire Consecration.

OLIVET



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva - ry,
2. May thy rich grace in - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,



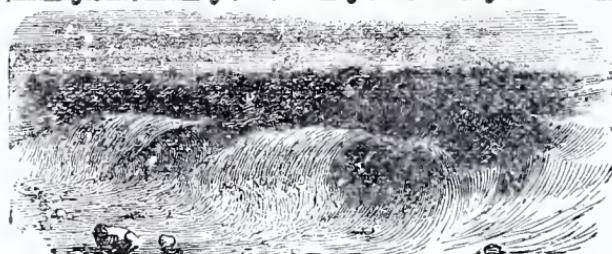
Sa - viour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire: As thou hast died for me, O may my



guilt a - way; Oh let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.

- When life's dark maze I tread,
And grieves around me spread,
Be thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

- 4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.



LIKE THE SEA.

Harmonized by ASA HULL.

Words and Music by Rev. E. M. LONG.

Moderato.

2[#] 34

1. Like the sea that can - not rest, Sor - row

swells with - in my breast; I am tossed by wind and

wave, Save me, Je - sus, O quick - ly save.

Chorus.

To wind and wave thou hast said, "Be still!" "Be still!"

"Be still!" and they o-beyed, Thus now calm this

"Be still!"

heart of mine; Speak, dear Lord, and it is done.

2 Like the sea that Peter trod,
At thy bidding, gracious Lord;
Waves will bear me on to God,
If thou, Jesus, wilt speak the word.
To wind and wave, etc.

3 Like the sea of Galilee,
Quickly would I yield to thee,

At thy feet, dear Jesus, lie,
Calm and peaceful, with thee so nigh.
To wind and wave, etc.

4 Like the sea, the Jasper sea,
Clear as crystal I would be;
Robed in white, in heaven I'd shine,
Pure and spotless, forever thine.
To wind and wave, etc.



DECISION

FOR

LESSONS.

"How long halt ye between two opinions."

I. Kings, 19: 21.

"I will arise and go to my father."

Luke 15: 18.

HYMN—"I NOW BELIEVE."



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And
Chorus.—I now believe, I do be - lieve, That Je-sus died for me; That



sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains,
 on the cross he shed his blood, From sin to set me free.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.—*Chor.*

3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Re leaming love has been my theme,
 And shd be till I die.—*Chor.*

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. By per.



1. { I stood out-side the gate, A poor way-faring child,
 { With-in my heart there beat A



A fear oppress'd my soul That
 tem-pest loud and wild.



I might be too late, And oh! I trem-bled sore, And



pray'd out-side the gate, And pray'd ont-side the gate.

2. "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
 "Oh, give me rest from sin!"
 "I will," a voice replied,
 And Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds,
 And carried all my sin.
 She eased my burdened soul;
 Then Jesus took me in.

3. In Mercy's guise I knew
 The Saviour long abused,
 Who often sought my heart
 And wept when I refused.
 Oh! what a blest return
 From ignorance and sin!
 I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in.

RIGHT AWAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.



1. I will come to Je-sus right a-way, right a-way,



'Tis his Spir-it calls me, I o-bey; Je-sus will re-ceive me,



He will ne-ver leave me, I will come to Je-sus right a-



way, right a-way, I will come to Je-sus right a-way.

2 I will pray to Jesus right away, right away,
 I will seek his blessing every day,
 While my heart is pleading,
 He is interceding,
 I will pray to Jesus right away.

3 I will live for Jesus right away, right away,
 'Tis my Saviour calls me, I obey;
 Now in childhood's morning
 Is the gentle warning,
 I will live for Jesus right away.

4 I will work for Jesus right away, right away,
 Labor in his vineyard every day;
 With my heart pursuing
 What my hands are doing,
 I will work for Jesus every day.

LOOK TO JESUS.*



1.—Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve :



Come, with your guilt and fear oppres'd, and make this last re - solve.

Chorus.



Look to Je - sus; look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus now!



He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close ;
I know his courts ; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.—*Clo.*

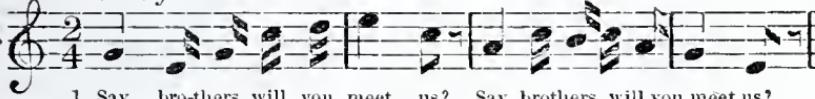
3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
I'll thro my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.—*Clo.*

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer:
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.—*Clo.*

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.—*Clo.*

SAY, BROTHERS.

Not too fast.



1. Say, bro-thers, will you meet us? Say, brothers, will you meet us?



Say, bro-thers, will you meet us On Canaan's hap - py shore?

* Chorus by permission from "Come to Jesus," in JOYFUL SONGS, 1018 Arch st., Phila.

RESTING IN JESUS.

Rev. E. M. LONG.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come nn-to me and rest; Lay down,

*Chorus.*

thou weary one, lay down, Thy head upon my breast." I'm rest-ing now in



Je - sus, Cast-ing all on Je - sus, And I'll rest with Je-sus by and by.



2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Sto-p down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
- And now I live in him. [vived,

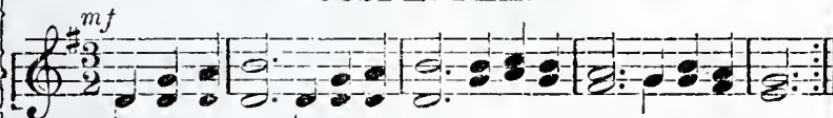
5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my S-

And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by E. M. LONG, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

JUST AS I AM.



1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, }
And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! }

f Chorus.:

END.



Chor.—Hid-ing - place, Hid-ing - place, To thee I flee, my Hid-ing place.

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot. 4. Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come! *Cho.* Has broken every barrier down;
3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt, Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come! *Cho.*



HAPPY DAY.

1 OH! happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

DEPART FROM ME.

Theme by Miss M. LINDSAY.

Arr. by PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

"Lord, Lord, open to us."

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!



Late, late, so late! But we can en - ter still. Too late!



too late, yo can-not en-ter now; Too late, too late, ye



can - not en - ter now. No light had we: for



that we do re - pent, And learn - ing this, the



Bridegroom will re - lent. Too late, too late, ye can-not en - ter



now; Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter now.

A voice responds at the beginning of each sentence, "Too late."

* From "THE NEW STANDARD SINGER," by permission.



No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that



we may find the light, Oh, let us in, that we may find the



light. Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter now,



Too late, too late, ye can-not en-ter now.



Is not the bride-groom still with grace replete? Oh, let us in, that



we may kiss his feet; Oh, let us in, oh, let us in,



Oh, let us in, that late, to kiss his feet,



No! no! too late, ye can-not en-ter now,



Harvesting FOR JESUS.

“ He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. ” Psa., 126: 6.

“ The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. ” Luke, 10: 2.

1. Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro’ the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work ‘mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man’s work is done.
2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro’ the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Padeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark’ning,
When man’s work is o’er.

1. Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and **cares** for you.
Never be afraid,
Never be afraid,
Never, never, never;
Jesus is your loving Saviour.
Therefore never be afraid.
2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
Never be afraid, etc.
3. Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keep reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, etc.
4. Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on his care depend,
Safe shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, etc.
5. Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, etc.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

*Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of
 Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I
 love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's
 true; It sa - sis-fies my long-ings, As noth - ing else would do.

Chorus.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To
 tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

2. I love to tell the story;
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.
 I love to tell the story:
 It did so much for me!
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.—CHO.

3. I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.—CHO.

CASTING ALL ON JESUS.

HARRY SANDERS. By permission.



1. I'll leave it all with Jesus, Now, just now, All my sins I've



brought him, And my woe, Now by faith I see him, On the tree,



Hear his still small whisper, "Tis for thee." From my heart the bur-den

Chorus.



Rolls a-way, Happy, happy day. I'll leave it all with Jesus, I'll

rit.



leave it all with Jesus, I'll leave it all with Jesus, Now, just now.

2 I'll leave it all with Jesus,
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast;
Love esteems it Heaven
To abide
At His bleeding side.

Cho.—I'll leave it all with Jesus, etc.

3 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
Drooping soul;
Tell not half the story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand;
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes thee room;
Oh! come, now come home!
Cho.—I'll leave it all with Jesus, etc.

LIKE JESUS.

By REV. E. M. LONG.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, let me be More and more con-

form'd to thee; Let thy love within my heart, Drive each sinful

i - dol out, Drive each sin - ful i - dol out.

2.
Living Jesus, let me be
Dead to sin, alive to thee;
As thou livest now for me,
May I live alone for thee.

3.

Mighty Jesus, in thy hand,
Rolls this world on which I stand;
Worlds on worlds, thou dost uphold,
Can I then my trust withhold?

4.
Holy Jesus, make my heart
Pure and spotless as thou art;
Freed from sin, and wholly thine,
Let me in thy beauty shine.

5.

Precious Jesus, I would sound
All thy love this earth around;
All thy wondrous worth make known
Till I see thee on thy throne.

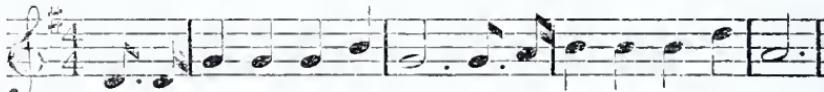


Our Pilgrimage

JOURNEYING HOME.

Words by Rev. E. M. LONG.

"We are journeying; come thou with us and we will do thee good."—NUM. x. 29.



1. We are on ourjour - ney home, We are on ourjour - ney home,



To the new, to the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

2. Come along, O sinner come, To the new Jerusalem.

6. There are angels hovering home, From the new Jerusalem.

3. The Spirit and the Bride say, come To the new Jerusalem.

7. They'll carry the tidings home, To the new Jerusalem.

4. Let him that thirsteth come To the new Jerusalem

8. Let them say you are starting home To the new Jerusalem.

5. Whosoever will, may come To the new Jerusalem

TOILING UP THE WAY.

*Arr. by Rev. E. M. LONG.



1. We are toil - ing up the way, nar - row way, nar - row way,
 CHO.—And the shin - ing an - gels wait, an - gels wait, an - gels wait,

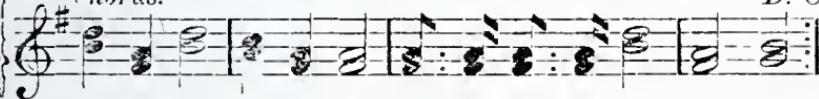


We have jour - neyed many a day Toward the king - dom.
 To un - bar the gol - den gate Of the king - dom.



Chorus.

D. C.



Still we sing, Christ our King, Walks with us the wea - ry way.



2 Toward the distant, shining land,
 Golden land, golden land,
 Where the heavenly harpers stand
 In the kingdom.—Cito.

3 Though the journey may be long,
 Hard and long, hard and long,
 We will cheer it with a song
 Of the kingdom.—Cito.

4 We shall enter by the cross,
 Blessed cross, blessed cross,
 Gaining gold that hath no dross,
 In the kingdom.—Cito.

5 We shall gather home at last,
 Sorrow past, sorrow past,

We shall hold our jewels fast,
 In the kingdom.—Cho.

6 We shall dwell in perfect light,
 Holy light, holy light,
 Never dimmed by tears at night,
 In the kingdom.—Cho.

7 We shall know each other there,
 Over there, over there,
 When our angel robes we wear,
 In the kingdom.—Cho.

8 All that's purest, holiest here,
 Grows more dear, grows more dear,
 In the mansions drawing near,
 In the kingdom.—Cho.

PRESSING TOWARD THE PRIZE.

Words and Music by REV. E. M. LONG.

Arranged by ASA HULL.



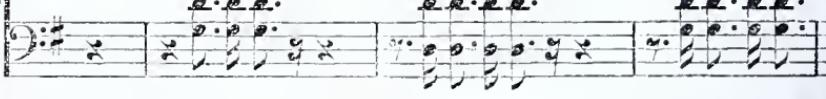
1. Onward, forward, forward pilgrim trav'lers, Pressing on, pressing on,



pressing on as racers Toward the prize of your high calling in God.



Pressing on toward the prize, Toward the prize, Toward the prize,
Pressing on toward the prize, toward the prize, toward the prize,



Toward the prize, toward the prize, Forward, forward still,
toward the prize, toward the prize, toward the prize.



PRESSING TOWARD THE PRIZE.—Concluded.



Forward, forward still, Forward, forward, forward still, Doing God's will.



2.

Upward, upward, upward in your praises?
 Looking up, looking up, looking up to Jesus;
 Look up to him who hath ascended on high.
 Looking up toward the prize, etc.

⋮: Upward, upward still, ⋮:
 Upward, upward, upward still,
 Doing God's will.

3.

Higher, higher, higher yet to things above;
 Mounting up, mounting up, mounting up on wings of love;
 Mount far above the clouds and storms of the earth,
 Pressing on toward the prize, etc.

⋮: Higher, higher still, ⋮:
 Higher, higher, higher still,
 Doing God's will.

4.

Nearer, nearer, nearer to the Saviour;
 Trusting him, trusting him, trusting him forever:
 And while you live keep pressing on to the prize.
 Pressing on toward the prize, etc.

⋮: Nearer, nearer still, ⋮:
 Nearer, nearer, nearer still,
 Doing God's will.



Asleep in Jesus.

IS IT TRUE.

Arranged by ASA HULL.

Music by REV. E. M. LONG.

3
4

Music score for the first system, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

1. Is it true, my dust shall lie, In the grave-yard by-and-by;

3
4

Music score for the second system, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

And with oth - ers gone be-fore Sleep till time shall be no more?

3
4

Music score for the third system, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

Is it true, O is it true, Sleep till time shall be no more?

3
4

Music score for the fourth system, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

2. Is it true, as many say,
Life is but a passing day,
And that heaven is lost or won?
Ere this fleeting day has flown?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?
Ere this fleeting day has flown?

3. Is it true that on the cross
Jesus bled and died for us.
And while hanging on the tree,

Upward sent a prayer for me?
Is it true—Oh is it true?
Upward sent a prayer for me?
4. Is it true that all death's slain
Will arise and live again.
And to final judgment go
Some for bliss and some for woe?
Is it—Oh, is it true?
Some for bliss and some for woe?

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleas - ures of

bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm when the winds are at
 youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, from the earth are re -

war, Chilling floods of dis - tress o'er me roll. What shall I do?
 moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do?

what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?

3. O! what shall I do to be saved, 4. O! Lord look in mercy on me,
 When sickness my strength shall subdue? Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;
 Or the world in a day, Unto whom shall I flee,
 Like a cloud roll away, Dearest Lord but to thee,
 And eternity opens to view. Thou canst make my poor broken heart
 What shall I do? That will I do? [whole.
 What shall I do? That will I do?
 Oh! what shall I do to be saved? To Jesus I'll go and he saved?

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

1. O, if my home is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand for
 2. For He whose word is last - ing as the hills, Whose truth is unchanging
 ev - er; The floods may come, and the roll - ing thun-der's shock May
 ev - er; Hath said my house on the sol - id rock shall stand, He'll
 beat up - on my house that is found-ed on a rock, But it
 hold it by his might in the hol - low of his hand, An it
 nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er.
CHORUS. *ff* *mp*
 My rock is firm, it is my sure foun-da-tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ, my
 crea.
 lov - ing Sa - viour, Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing Sa - viour. The
 rock of my sal - va - tion, The rock of my sal - va - tion.
 3. O, if my house is built upon the sand,
 'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
 The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
 And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
 And it surely will fall - never to rise,
 Never, never, never! — *Chorus.*

TO-NIGHT.

Words written, and Music arr., by Rev. E. M. LONG.*

"But God said unto him, thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

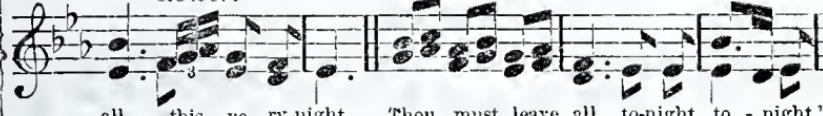
1. "I've laid up goods for many years; Soul take thine ease, a-way thy



fears." Hark! hark! a voice, it says, "Thou fool, This very night thou must leave



all. This ve-ry night, this ve-ry night, Thou must leave

slower.

all, this ve-ry night, Thou must leave all to-night, to-night."

2. O sinner hear! Eternity
May not be very far from thee;
Life's feeble light may soon go out.
You too may die this very night,
This very night, this very night,
You too may die this very night,
You may leave earth to-night, to-night.

You may be lost this very night,
This very night, this very night,
You may be lost this very night,
O to be lost, to-night, to-night.

3. "The Spirit, and the bride say, come;
And whosoever will may come."
"All things are ready," ready quite.
You may be saved, why not to-night,
Why not to-night, this very night?
You may be saved, why not to-night,
O say, why not to-night, to-night?

5. O sinner hear a Saviour say,
Come unto me, come, come, to-day;
Harden, O harden not the heart,
I'm passing by this very night,
This very night, this very night,
I'm passing by this very night,
Jesus passes, to-night, to-night.

4. God's Spirit will not always strive,
To win thy heart, and give thee life.
O put not out this heavenly light,

6. O could I hear some sinner say,
I'll go to Jesus, right away;
How would the angel voices shout;
"The lost is saved, he's saved to-night.
Glory to God, glory to God,
The lost is saved, he's saved to-night."
Who will be saved to-night, to-night?

* Music mainly from "Why not to-night?" by Philip Phillips, by permission.



The Judgment Day.

MERIBAH.

1. When thou, my righteous judge shalt come To take thy ransom'd people home, Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as

I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand, 2. Blest Saviour, grant it by thy grace; 2. And when th' archangel's trump shall sound, Be thou my only HIDING-PLACE, Let me among thy saints be found, In this th' accepted day; To see thy smiling face: Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear, Then in triumphant strains I'll sing, To still my unbelieving fear, While heaven's resounding mansions ring O be my hiding-place.

THE COMING JUDGMENT DAY.

Arr. by Rev. L. M. LONG.

"There shall be weeping, when ye shall see Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom, and you yourselves thrust out."—LUKE xiii. 28.



1. At the com - ing judg - ment day, All on the left shall
Chorus.



go a - way, From loved ones ever a - way. O there will be mourning,
O there will be mourning,

1st.

2d.



mourning, mourning, mourn-ing,

At the judg-ment-seat of Christ.

2. Parents and children there shall [part,
Parents and children there shall part,
Shall part to meet no more.—Cho.

3. Brothers and sisters there will [part,
Brothers and sisters there will part, etc.

4. Wives and husbands there will [part,
Wives and husbands there will part, etc.

1. At the coming judgment day,
All on the right shall hear Christ
say
Inherit the joy of your Lord.—Cho.

2. Parents and children there shall [meet,
Parents and children there shall meet,

Shall meet to part no more.—Cho.

3. Brothers and sisters there shall [meet,
Brothers and sisters there shall meet, etc.

4. Wives and husbands there shall [meet

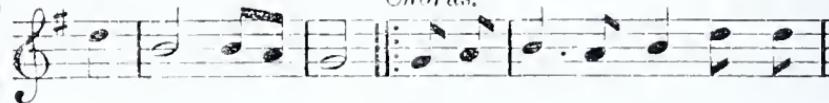
Chorus.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more

THAT GREAT DAY.

Arr by Rev. E. M. LONG.
1st.

1. { The judg - ment day is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing,
 2d. { The judg - ment day is com - ing,

Chorus.



1st. O that great day. When we'll take the wings of the
 2d. When we'll take the wings of the



morn-ing, And fly a-way to Je-sus. And shout the ju - bi - lee.

2

I hear the trumpet sounding, sounding, sounding,
 I hear the trumpet sounding, O that great day.

Chorus.

3

I see the Judge descending, descending, descending,
 I see the Judge descending, O that great day.

Chorus.

4

I see the dead arising, arising, arising,
 I see the dead arising, O that great day.-Cho.

5

I see the world is burning, burning, bnrning,
 I see the world is burning, O that great day.-Cho.

6

I hear the sinner wailing, wailing, wailing,
 I hear the sinner wailing, O that great day.-Cho.

LITTLE THINGS.



1. Lit - the drops of wa - ter, Lit - the grains of sand,



2. Make the might - y o - cean, And the beau - teous land

2. And the little moments, Little deeds of kindness,
Humble though they be. Little words of love,
Make the mighty ages Make our earth an Eden,
Of eternity. Like the heaven above.

3. So our little errors Little seeds of mercy,
Lead the soul away Sown by youthful hands,
From the paths of virtue, Grow to bless the nations,
Oft in sin to stray. Far in heathen lands.



C. M.

1. And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day;
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say.

2. That awful day will surely come.
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge
And pass the solemn test.

3. Jesus. I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

4. Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.



H e a v e n .

"I go to prepare a place for you. St. John, 14: 2.
"There is laid up for me a crown." II. Timothy 4: 8.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

With gentleness.

1. { A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor - row free, }
 { The home of the ransom'd bright and fair, And }

2

Chorus.

beautiful angels too are there. Will you go? will you go? Go to that beauti-ful

land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beauti-ful land?

2. That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

JOHN M. EVANS.



1. A crown of glo-ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In
Chorus.



yon-der realms of light Pre-pared for me. I'm near-er my home,



near-er my home, near-er my home to - day; Yes!



near-er my home in heav'n to-day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

2 O may I faithful prove,
 And keep the crown in view,
 And through the storms of life
 My way pursue.—*Cho.*

O keep me near thy side,
 Be thou my friend.—*Cho.*

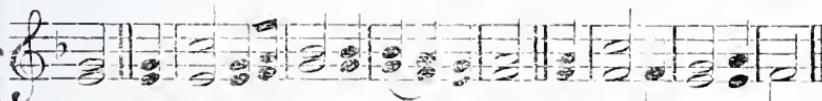
3 Jesus, be thou my Guide,
 And all my steps attend,

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
 My Saviour and my guard,
 And when my work is done,
 My great reward.—*Cho.*

TENNENT.



Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for



me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. By permission.



1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The

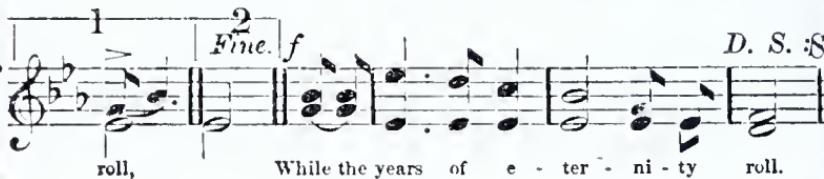
S:



far - a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er



beat on the glit'ring strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty



roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

2. O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
 Its bright jasper walls I can see,
 Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes,
 Between the fair city and me.

3. There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
 And the water of life floweth by,
 For no death ever enters that city, you know,
 And nothing that maketh a lie.

4. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The king of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain!
 With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
 To meet one another again.

Nearing home.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 Father perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith:
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shores of death!

Shall we sing in heaven.

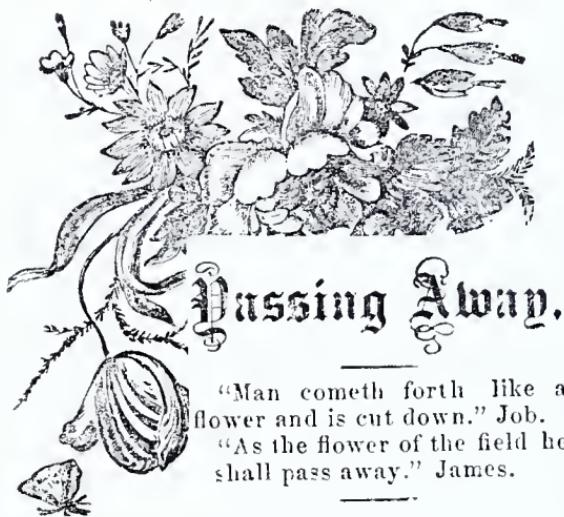
1. Shall we sing in heaven forever,
 Shall we sing? Shall we sing?
Shall we sing in heaven forever,
 In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
 Meet to sing and love forever,
 In that happy land.

2. Shall we know each other, ever,
 In that land? In that land?
Shall we know each other, ever,
 In that happy land?

3. Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that land? In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that happy land?

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow
 In that land? In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow
 In that happy land?

5. Shall we know our blessed Saviour
 In that land? In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
 In that happy land?



Passing Away.

"Man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down." Job.
 "As the flower of the field he shall pass away." James.

L. M.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the sky!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
 The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land, whose confines lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

PASSING AWAY.

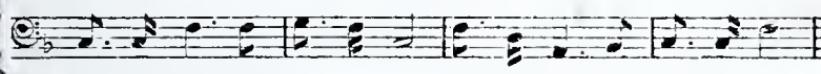
By Rev. E. M. LONG.



1. "Watch and pray, watch and pray," Hear the lov - ing Sa - viour say,



Such an hour as ye think not, Death may come a thief at night.



Chorus.



Time is pass - ing, pass - ing quick a-way, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,



pp. rit.



And the judg - ment day, And then e . ter - ni - ty.



2 Holy One, Holy One,
Fit me to approach thy throne;
Through the blood of thy dear Son,
May I gain a heavenly home.

3 Spirit come, Spirit come,
Let thy perfect work be done;

Breathe on me thy holiness,
Robe me with Christ's righteousness.

4 Wash me clean, wash me clean,
Clean from every, every sin,
I shall then prepared be
For a long eternity.

MY ETERNAL HOME.

Words and Music by Rev. E. M. LONG.

I. I must leave my earth-ly home, How-ev-er dear to me;

Here I can-not al-ways roam, I'm bound to eter-ni-ty. E-

ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty! O shall I home-less

be, Through-out a long e-ter-ni-

ty? No, no, no, no, my Su-viour's gone; Be-

fore me gone to fit for me an - oth - er home,

A heaven - ly home, A hap - py home, How dear to me my

oth - er sweet, sweet home, home, sweet home.

2 Let your heart not troubled be,
 Says my dear Lord to me;
 "In Father's house, there's room for thee,
 Through all eternity, eternity, eternity."
 I'm sure I'll happy be, throughout a long eternity.
 Glory, glory! my title is clear, my prospect is bright,
 I may be there this very night.
 But no night is there, no darkness there,
 All, all is bright in that dear sweet, sweet home, home, sweet home.

3 How poor are they, how very poor,
 Whose all is what they see,
 Who nothing have, no, nothing sure,
 Laid up for eternity, eternity, eternity;
 How loud their wailings will be, throughout a long eternity.
 Hark, hark! They cry, "The summer is gone, the harvest is past,
 And we are not saved, we're lost at last;
 O we are lost, for ever lost,
 We're lost, we're lost, forever lost, lost, lost, ever lost!"



C. P. M.

Lo on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,

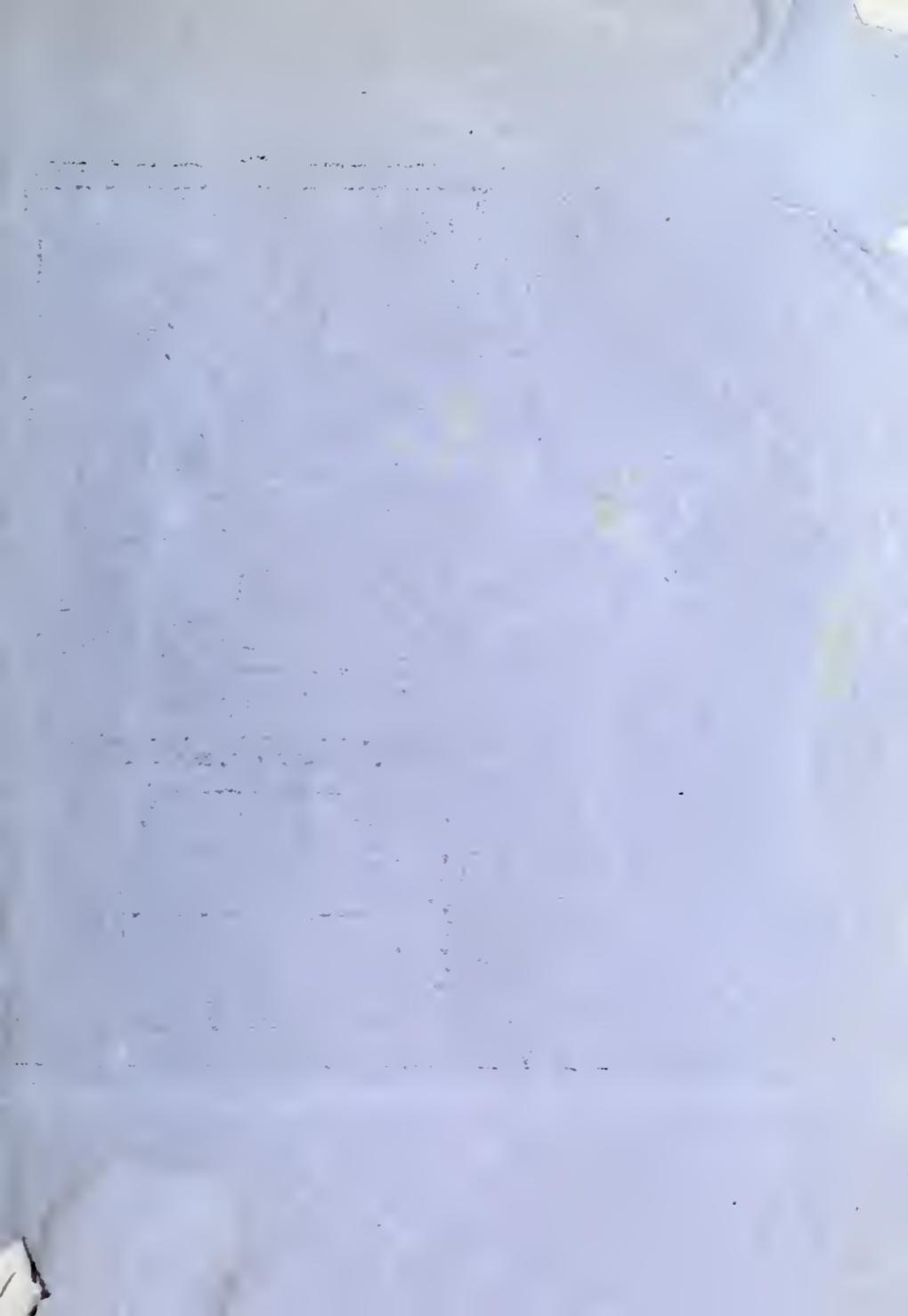
Yet how insensible !

A point of time, a moment's space.
Removes me to von heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell !

2 O God ! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost council to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!



I LOOKED ON ALL THE WORKS MY HANDS HAD WROUGHT, AND
BEHOLD ALL WAS VANITY, ECCLE. 2. 11.



PULPIT VIEW
of one of the Illustration
showing the plan.